

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN
[ACT II]

Lady Windermere. Cowards are always pale!

Lord Darlington. You look faint. Come out on the terrace.

Lady Windermere. Yes. *[To Parker.]* Parker, send my cloak out.

Mrs. Erlynne. *[Crossing to her.]* Lady Windermere, how beautifully your terrace is illuminated. Reminds me of Prince

Dona's at Rome. *[Lady Windermere bows*

coldly, and goes

off with Lord Darlington.] Oh, how do you do, Mr. Graham?

Isn't that your aunt, Lady Jedburgh? I

should so much

like to know her.

Cecil Graham. *[After a moment's hesitation and embarrassment.]*

Oh, certainly, if you wish it. Aunt Caroline, allow me to

introduce Mrs. Erlynne.

Mrs. Erlynne. So pleased to meet you, Lady Jedburgh. *[Sits*

beside her on the sofa.] Your nephew and I are great friends.

I am so much interested in his political career. I

think he's

sure to be a wonderful success. He thinks like a

Tory, and

talks like a Radical, and that's so important

nowadays.

He's such a brilliant talker too. But we all

know from

whom he inherits that. Lord Allandale was

saying to me

only yesterday, in the Park, that Mr. Graham

talks almost

as well as his aunt.

Lady Jedburgh. [R.] Most kind of you to say these charming

things to me!

[Mrs. Erlynne smiles, and continues conversation.]

Dumby. [To Cecil Graham.] Did you introduce Mrs.

Erlynne to

Lady Jedburgh?

Cecil Graham. Had to, my dear fellow.

Couldn't help it!

That woman can make one do anything she

wants. How,

I don't know.

Dumby. Hope to goodness she won't speak to me!

[Saunters towards Lady Plymdale.]

Mrs. Erlynne. [C. To Lady Jedburgh.] On

Thursday? With

great pleasure. *[Rises, and speaks to*

laughing] What a bore it is to have to be

civil to these

old dowagers! But they always

insist on it!

Lady Plymdale. [To Mr. Dumby.] Who is that

well-dressed

woman talking to Wmdennere?

Dumby. Haven't the slightest idea! Looks like

an *edition*

de

luxe of a wicked French novel, meant specially

for the English

market.

Mrs. Erlynne. So that is poor Dumby with Lady

Plymdale?

I hear she is frightfully jealous of him. He

doesn't seem

anxious to speak to me to-night. I suppose he

is afraid of